MARVEL
MYSTERY COMICS
MAY
NO. 43
10

MARVEL
MYSTERY
COMICS
MAY
NO. 43
10¢

MONEY & PRIZES for YOU!

OVER 100 SWELL PRIZES

Yes, sir, just wait until your chums see you working experiments with YOUR complete Chemistry Set! Wait until they see you sporting that new first-base mitt or that big fishing kit, or any number of wonderful prizes that you'll choose from my big new catalog! Their eyes will pop open then, we'll betcha!

Well, you don't have to WAIT any longer to get started on the road to fun and success. These fine prizes are yours for the earning—STARTING TODAY! All you'll do is to deliver Collier's magazines to customers you'll obtain in your own neighborhood! THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT, and you'll find it's the easiest thing you've ever done!

PROFITS

You'll earn plenty of spending money, too! One fourth of all the cash you'll handle will be your profit. Fill your pockets with nickels, dimes and quarters! Keep 'em jinglin'! Be a business success! Fill out and clip the coupon at the bottom of this page, then mail it to me! Do it NOW!

WAR STAMPS

With our Country at war, we ALL want to do our most to slap the Jap and knock out the Nazi! Here's your chance to be the neighborhood "Ranger" by earning War Stamps through your Collier's Sales! Give Uncle Sam a boost toward Victory! For details, mail the coupon to me NOW!

Don't Delay—Do It Today!

Fill Out and MAIL This COUPON NOW!

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 966
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Sure, I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes and make my own spending money. Send me your PRIZE BOOK showing the prizes boys can earn, and help me get off to a flying start.

Name.............................. Address..............................

City.............................. State.............................. Your Age........

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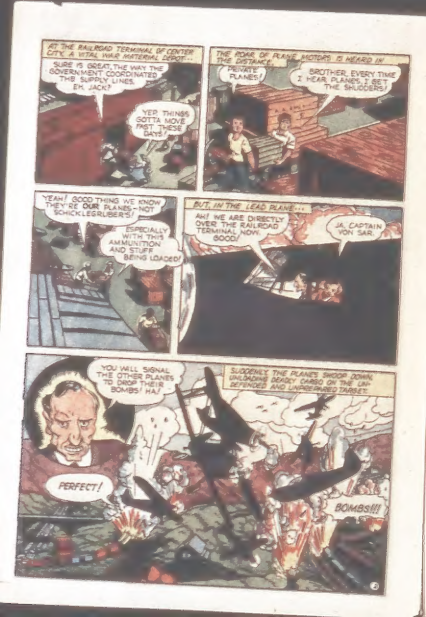
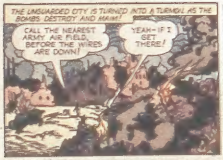
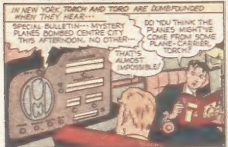
HUMAN TORCH
UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS NAZI AGENTS STRIKE AT THE HEART OF AMERICA! THE HUMAN TORCH LIGHTS THE FLAME OF VICTORY IN THE...
MYSTERY OF THE AIR RAID SPOTTERS!

COMIC ART COLLECTION


AT THE RAILROAD TERMINAL OF CENTER CITY, A VITAL WAR MATERIAL DEPOT...
SURE IS GREAT THE WAY THE GOVERNMENT COORDINATES THIS SUPPLY LINES, EH, JACK?
YEP. THINGS GOTTA MOVE FAST THESE DAYS!
THE ROAR OF PLANE MOTORS IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE...
HUMPH! PLANES!
BROTHER, EVERY TIME I HEAR PLANES, I GET THE SHUDDERS!
YEAH! GOOD THING WE KNOW THEY'RE OUR PLANES—NOT SCHICKLEGRUBER'S!
ESPECIALLY WITH THIS AMMUNITION AND STUFF BEING LOADED!
BUT, IN THE LEAD PLANE!...
AH! WE ARE DIRECTLY OVER THE RAILROAD TERMINAL NOW. GOOD!
JA, CAPTAIN VON SAR.
YOU WILL SIGNAL THE OTHER PLANES TO DROP THEIR BOMBS! HA!
SUDDENLY THE PLANES SWOOP DOWN, UNLOADING DEADLY CARGO ON THE UNDEFENDED AND UNSUSPECTED TARGET.
PERFECT!
BOMBS!!!
2

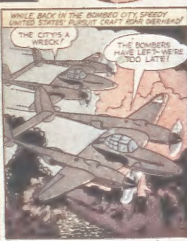

THE UNGUARDED CITY IS TURNED INTO A TURMOIL AS THE BOMBS DESTROY AND MAIM!
CALL THE NEAREST ARMY AIR FIELD... BEFORE THE WIRES ARE DOWN!
YEAH—IF I GET THERE!

HELLO! CENTRE CITY CALLING—WE'RE BEING BOMBED!
WHAT—THEY'LL SEND PLANES AT ONCE!


IN NEW YORK, TORCH AND TORO ARE DUMFOUNDED WHEN THEY HEAR—
SPECIAL BULLETIN!—MYSTERY PLANES BOMBED CENTRE CITY THIS AFTERNOON. NO OTHER—
DO YOU THINK THE PLANES MIGHT'VE COME FROM SOME PLANE-CARRIER, TORCH?
THAT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE!

NO— CENTRE CITY IS FIVE HUNDRED MILES INLAND!

FLAMING UP THE WHITLING SONS OF FIRE FLASH INTO THE LATE AFTERNOON SKY.
WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST, TORCH!
YES, TORO. WE MUST STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS MESS BEFORE THE NATION'S MORALE IS RUINED!


WHILE, BACK IN THE BOMBED CITY, SPEEDY UNITED STATES PURSUIT CRAFT ROAR OVERHEAD!
THE CITY'S A WRECK!
THE BOMBERS MUST'VE LEFT—WE'RE TOO LATE!

MEANWHILE, MILES AWAY--
EVERYTHING IS WORKING AS PLANNED, TING! TAKES CARE OF CENTRE CITY!
I HAF SOME CALLING CARDS READY, HERR KAPITAN!
ON THIS NEXT STOP, WE WILL BOMB THE PEOPLE AND CAUSE PANIC AND DEATH!
HIGH OFFICIALS OF THE F.B.I. AND ARMED INTELLIGENCE AND THEMSELVES, STUMPED.
NOT A TRACE OF THOSE MYSTERY PLANES!
VANISHED COMPLETELY!
SHOOMMCY!
LOOK, SIR! TIME MAGAZINE TORCH AND TORCH!
LOOK, TORCH! THERE'S GENERAL ELBERT OF ARMED INTELLIGENCE!
WOW! SOUND SO FAST I ALMOST MISSED HIM!
TORCH IMMEDIATELY VOLUNTEERS HIS SERVICES.
I'M AFRAID WE HAVEN'T A SINGLE CLUE TO WORK ON, TORCH.
HOW ABOUT AIR-PLANE SPOTTERS? WOULDN'T THEY HAVE SEEN OR HEARD THE PLANES?
HERE'S THE REPORT, TORCH.
WHAT? NO SPOTTER SAW NOR HEARD THE PLANES COME OR GO? HMMM...

SUDDENLY, TORCH GETS AN IDEA.
C'MON, TORO— LET'S GET GOING!
WHERE TO, TORCH?
A MOMENT LATER—
NO PLANE COULD GET PAST AN AIR PLANE LISTENING POST!
THEN SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG WITH THEIR SPOTTERS!
HERE'S AN OBSERVATION POST. LET'S HAVE A LOOK!
LOOKS KIND OF QUIET!
KEEP OUT
INSIDE—
HE'S DEAD!
LET'S CHECK THE NEXT POST, TORCH!
AT THE NEXT POST—
THIS ONE'S DEAD, ALSO!
THIS IS GETTING TO BE A HABIT!
MEANWHILE, THE MANNA FIREBALLS STREAK THROUGH THE NIGHT.
DEATH AT EVERY POST! I WONDER WHAT HE'LL FIND AT THIS ONE?
SOME ONE TO SPEAK TO. I HOPE!

MAYBE WE'LL GET SOME INFO HERE
DER HUMAN TORCH!
OUT MIT DER LIGHTS!
THE MEN FLEE THE HOUSE—BUT...
THIS FIRE GRENADE WILL STOP 'EM!
RUN! WE MUST FULFILL OUR MISSION!
NAZIS, TORCH!!
THEY KNOW SOMETHING THAT I MEAN TO FIND OUT!
GIVE 'EM MORE!
YAAH!
BOOM
THIS ONE IS MINE!
TALK—AND TALK FAST!
—NO! I'LL DIE FIRST!
EIEEE!
MIKE COMMITTED SUICIDE TOROT—
THIS ONE'S ABOUT READY TO TALK!
BUT...
NO— NO TALK! AIEEHHH!
WOW! HE'S COMMITTING SUICIDE, TOO!
I'M ONTO THIS NAZI SCHEME, TORCH— BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!

UP THEY ZOOM!
FIFTH COLUMNISTS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE POST TO SIMPLIFY THE BOMBING!
NO WONDER THE PLANES WEREN'T SPOTTED!
THE SPIES MUST WORK FAST BECAUSE THE PLOT WILL BE DISCOVERED AS SOON AS THE NEXT SHIFT COMES ON DUTY!
YEAH!— BUT WHERE DID THE MYSTERY PLANES GO?
I HAVE A HUNCH THEY'RE HEADING FOR PITTSTOWN. STEP ON IT!
MEANWHILE—
THESE PLANE'S ARE SLOW, BUT WE ARRIVED IN PITTSTOWN BEFORE DAWN.
DEM—MORE BOMBS, HAH!
NOW, WE'LL WRECK THE PLANE FACTORY AND LEAVE. SIMPLE! HA! HA!
SWIFTLY, THE STRANGE NAZI SQUADRON APPROACHES ITS UNSUSPECTING TARGET.
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
THERE'S OUR OBJECTIVE!

ORDER ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES IN OPERATION PLANES APPROACHING CITY.
BE MIGHTY HARD TO BLAST 'EM OUT OF THE SKY WITHOUT SEARCHLIGHTS!

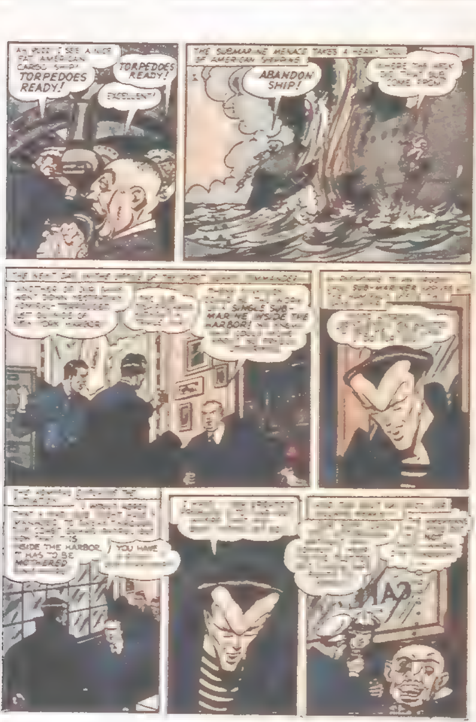
NO! WE MUST NOT LOOK!
ACH DU LIEBER! THE HUMAN TORCH!
HEIL HITLER!

TORCH AND TORO FORM A HUGE HOOP OF FIRE THAT
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE LIGHT
WE MUST GET AWAY!

WE DID FOLLOW HIM!
QUICK-FOLLOW ME!
DON'T COME ANY CLOSER OR...
I'M JUST AS HOT WITH MY FIST MURDERER!
OWN!
GET HEP! I'M HOT, TOO!
YAAH!
BUT-
OOPS!
THIS WILL FIX YOU-YOU YANKEE PIG!

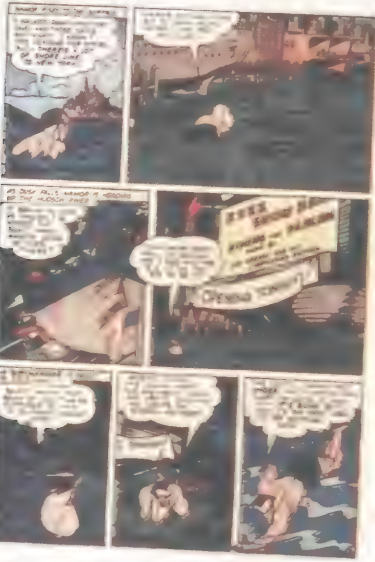
OH!
NOW, TRY FLYING!
...LIKE A BASEBALL!
WOW!
HOME-MADE
DANGEROUS TO PLAY WITH FIRE!
STRIKE THE SPARK FOR LIBERTY!
BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO
Marvel Comics

SUB-MARINER
THE MYSTERY OF
THE VANISHING SUB


TORPEDOES READY!
TORPEDOES READY!
ABANDON SHIP!
HARBOR!
INSIDE THE HARBOR
IT HAS TO BE
YOU HAVE

THIS SUB'S HARDLY SEAWORTHY BY IT SHOULD HOLD TOGETHER LONG ENOUGH
THWAM!

SIZZLING SNAKES! THEY'RE AIMING AT ME!



ACH!
ACH!

R-R-RIP!

LOOK OUT!
SNAP
CRACK!
BE CAREFUL SUB-MARINER

OIL
OIL
OIL

DER SUB-MARINER IS LOOSE START DER MOTORS FULL SPEED AHEAD! WE MUST ESCAPE!
THEM!
BOOM

$100.00 in CASH PRIZES!

FOR THE BEST LETTERS TELLING US WHAT YOU LIKE OR DISLIKE IN MARVEL COMICS!

YOU

HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT WHAT GOES INTO YOUR

MARVEL COMIC BOOK!

FOLLOW THE RULES BELOW!

RULES

WRITE NUMBERS IN CIRCLES AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS IN THE ORDER IN WHICH EACH CHARACTER APPEALS TO YOU FROM FIRST PLACE TO SEVENTH PLACE!

A LETTER **MUST** ACCOMPANY YOUR SELECTION STATING WHY YOU

LIKE OR DISLIKE EACH CHARACTER STRIP APPEARING IN **MARVEL COMICS!**

- THE VISION.... ◯
- TERRY VANCE.. ◯
- SUB-MARINER.. ◯
- THE ANGEL... ◯
- HUMAN TORCH.. ◯
- JIMMY JUPITER.. ◯
- THE PATRIOT... ◯

WRITE YOUR LETTER NOW! YOU MAY BE THE WINNER!

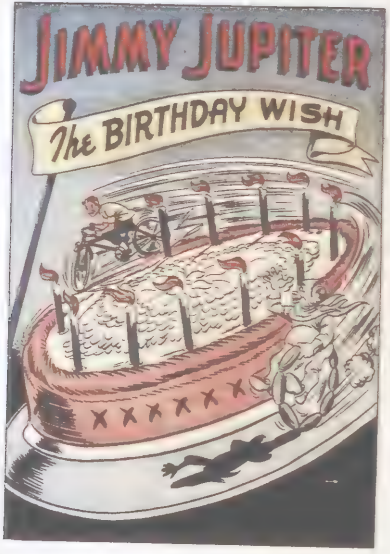
MARVEL COMICS

330 W. 42ND ST. NEW YORK CITY

BE SURE TO SIGN YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON THE LETTER!

ALL LETTERS MUST BE IN BEFORE JUNE 1ST

WINNERS WILL BE CHOSEN JUNE 15TH

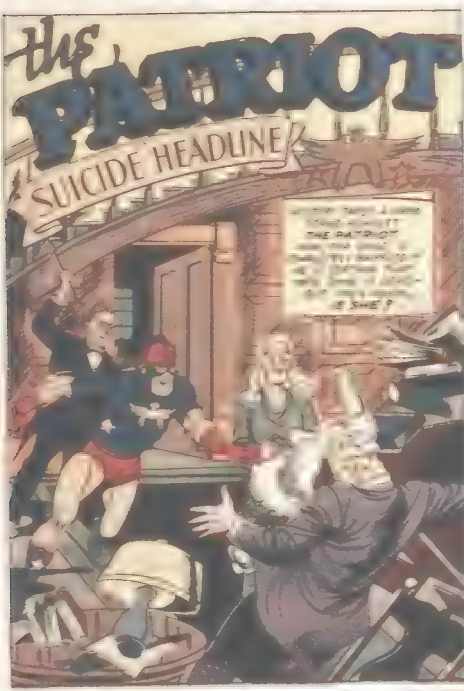

JIMMY JUPITER
The BIRTHDAY WISH

ONE DAY AFTER SCHOOL-
NO THANK YOU.
CHEERIO!
SO LONG!
LATER THAT AFTERNOON -

EENIE-MEENIE

YOWEE!
BY JOVE!
MOVE OVER!

HELP!


the PATRIOT
SUICIDE HEADLINE

CELIA TANG
A SUICIDE...

IN The Bag

THE DOLIN MANSION was situated in a secluded spot. There were no other houses within a half mile of it. The light breeze that was blowing caused the leaf-laden branches of the trees that surrounded the big, antiquated house to cast fantastic shadows in the moonlit night.

Hughe Dolin, crouching behind the tall oak tree, smiled with satisfaction at his own cleverness. He had everything perfectly planned.

Why should he take a third of his late Aunt Martha's fortune, when he could get it all by the simple expedient of having it appear that his two cousins had killed each other?

His Aunt Martha's will hadn't been read yet but he knew what it contained. Two cousins and himself were the only remaining relatives. She had said many times that she would divide her money equally among them. And he also knew about that other clause in the will. He had read it one day when his Aunt had left the will lying on the desk in the library, before placing it in the wall safe. If any of her heirs died before the reading of the will, her fortune was to go to the remaining nephews, or nephew.

Cousin Randolph and Cousin Barry would soon be coming out of the house to enjoy their pipes in the cool evening breeze. They would walk down the pebble path to the gate, where they could see the blinking lights of Valley City, five miles away . . . . And they would be far enough away from the house so that only muffled reports of the revolver shots would reach the house.

Hughe felt in his coat pockets for the two guns that would soon belch forth death. Clever of him to steal Randolph's and Barry's own guns.

And clever, too, how he made them purchase the guns — the anonymous notes that he had sent them, telling them that they were about to die, had done the trick. He knew that both men had a dislike of firearms, that they would leave them in their bedrooms, where it had been easy for him to get them.

He had counted, too, on their not informing the police of the notes, in order not to appear ridiculous should the notes be only a hoax. And, to avoid suspicion, he had sent himself a similar warning.

Yes! To-morrow, when the will was read, he would be the only living heir!

HUGHE NOTICED THE porch door open. Cousin Randolph stood momentarily on the top step and gazed at the stars. He descended the steps and stopped again as a voice called from the porch, "Wait for a minute, Randy. I'll be right with you. I've got to fill my pipe."

As Cousin Barry joined Cousin Randolph on the pebble walk, Hughe tensed.

Hughe watched his cousins stroll leisurely along the path. He smiled grimly as they took turns in blowing smoke rings skyward. At least they were happy as they marched to their death.

The quarrel which he had provoked between them earlier in the day had already been patched up. But the quarrel had served its purpose. The servants had heard and seen the brief tongue battle.

Hughe clutched the guns in his pockets as his victims neared the gate. He stepped from behind the big oak and slowly walked toward them. He felt no shame at the thing he was about to do.

Barry was the first to notice Hughe's approach. "Good evening, Hughe," he said. "I thought you didn't like the evening air."

Hughe kept his voice casual. "Thought I'd get a last view of the city from here," he said. "I'll be leaving to-morrow after the will is read, you know."

"I've got to leave to-morrow, too," Cousin Randolph said in a reluctant tone. "Have to get back to my business."

Hughe's fingers itched to pull the triggers of the guns. Still he controlled himself. There mustn't be any slip-up. Everything had to work as planned. His cousins were standing too close together now. There should be at least ten feet separating them.

Cousin Randolph was left-handed, Cousin Barry was right handed, so the angles of the bullets that entered each

'body must coincide with the positions they would naturally be find from.

Cousin Barry drew a deep breath. "The smell of honeysuckle does things to me," he said, and walked away from the gate toward a thump of honeysuckle.

SLOWLY, Hughe drew the guns. The forty-five in his left hand was to kill Cousin Randolph. The thirty-two, in his left, was to spell death for Cousin Barry.

Randolph stood looking toward the city lights. Barry leaned over the honeysuckle and inhaled deeply again.

Barry straightened up and turned toward Hughe. The moment had arrived!

Hughe squeezed the trigger of the thirty-two. Barry crumpled his heart, stumbled and fell forward.

Randolph, a startled look on his face, whirled at the sound of the shot.

A forty-five didn't have to hit the heart to be instantly fatal. Hughe knew. He'd seen hot lead into Cousin Randolph's stomach.

Hughe had rehearsed his next move, in his mind, a score of times. He quickly, swept his finger-prints from the guns and placed the thirty-two in Cousin Randolph's hand; the forty-five in Cousin Barry's. Then he slid away into the shadows of the trees.

He went into the house through the back door, and made his way to the library, being careful that no one saw him. Calmly, he took a book off the shelf and settled in a chair to read.

It was almost midnight when Graham, the butler, quietly entered the library.

Hughe wasn't aware of his presence until the butler said, "Beg pardon, sir, but have you seen Master Barry or Master Randolph? They went into the garden hours ago and I haven't heard them return yet."

The suddenness of the butler's voice startled Hughe. He took hold of himself.

"I've been absorbed in this book," he said, "I hadn't noticed whether either Barry or Randolph has come in."

"Perhaps, sir, I'd better look outside."

The moment was at hand! "Do that if you want," Hughe said, "but I expect they've already retired."

Hughe heard the porch door open and shut—and knew that Graham a few minutes to reach the gate—find his dead cousins.

HUGHE ATE A healthy breakfast, discussing regarding the policemen who were fitting about the house.

Lieutenant Green, who had arrived an hour after Graham made the tragic discovery, had long since finished his routine work. He had told Hughe that he was checking the guns for accidental finger-prints. He was also having the three threatening notes examined to see if there were any connection between them and the killings.

Hughe finished his breakfast, then went in the library, where Lieutenant Green was talking to another group behind closed doors. The detective took three envelopes from his inside coat pocket, and handed them to Green.

"I was wondering," Hughe said, when Green turned to face him, "if I should tell you about a quarrel my cousins had yesterday?"

"I've already heard about their feud from the servants," Lieutenant Green told him.

"May I offer a theory?" Hughe asked.

There was a trace of a smile on Lieutenant Green's face when he said, "Certainly."

"Perhaps the notes weren't a hoax, as I first believed. It is just possible that either Barry or Randolph wrote them—and the other, in some way, learned that fact. They quarreled about that—and with the result that they killed each other."

Lieutenant Green smiled broadly. "That was what I thought, at first."

Hughe didn't like the way the detective said, "At first!"

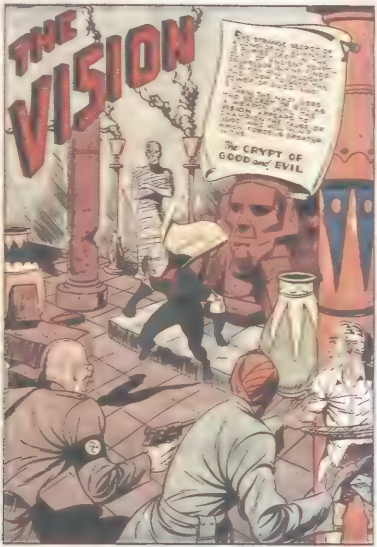
Lieutenant Green's shrewd eyes seemed to be boring straight through him. "There was only one thing that changed my mind. I knew now that you killed your self, Hughe!"

Hughe was speechless. Lieutenant Green must be guessing! He couldn't know everything perfectly. Done everything as he planned it.

"YOU SLIPPED UP ON one thing, Hughe," Green said. "You heard the detective say in a note that seemed far, far away. You made sure to wipe your fingerprints off the notes; then you put them in sealed envelopes. Cousin Barry left their fingerprints on their notes when they read them—and you made no fingerprints on your note because you didn't bother to read it. YOU ALREADY KNEW THE MESSAGE!

Hughe's head began to swim; he slumped to the floor. It wasn't that he would be dealt with for murder which caused him to faint. It was the fact that his perfect plan had failed.

The End.


THE VISION
The CRYPT OF GOOD and EVIL

James Buried
Fifty Rods East by
North from Tomb
of Tut-Ken-Amen.
Body lies between
smoking lamps
of Good and
Evil!

YES SAHIB!
3

THE NAZI TAKES A SWIFT ADVANTAGE

BUY WAR BONDS and STAMPS!

Peter Vector
BLACK MARKET BOOGIE WOOGIE

BEGINNERS
THE SNAKE'S DEN

BONG!
AWK
AWK AWK
CAWK CAWK
THUD
BANG!
BANG!
AWK
CAWK

MR. SMITH- WE'VE ALREADY PUT IT OUT! THE MONKEY UPSET THE OIL LAMP IN THE HOLD!
YOU FOOL!
THAT SETTLES IT! FIRST YOU TRESPASS AND NOW YOU SET FIRE TO MY PROPERTY! GET OFF BEFORE I---
SNIFF SNIFF HMMM.?
FOR THE DOOR TO THE COMPANION WAY!
STOP HIM!
EXCUSE PLEASE!
TERRY COMES BACK A FEW MINUTES LATER, HOWEVER...
THE YOUNG FRIEND! TOO BAD FOR YOUR SAKE! RAISE YOUR HANDS
I TRIED TO TELL YOU THAT BEFORE BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN OF COURSE. I DIDN'T HAVE ALL THE--
QUIET! GET BELOW ALL OF YOU!
TERRY MOTIONS TO DR. WATSON
OKAY PAL! I GET IT!
AND THE MONK UNDERSTANDS PERFECTLY.
BOY-THIS IS TEAMWORK! HOPE THAT PARROTS WATCHING!
NICE WORK!
A SHORT TIME LATER HEADING FOR HOME WITH A FULL CARGO
USED HIS GAMBLING CASINO TO MAKE LOSERS PAY OFF IN TIRES OR NOT EXPOSE THEM--
MAN AND YOU'VE GOT A SCOOP PAL!
TERRY VANCE AND DR WATSON "DIG" THEIR WAY THRU A NEW ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL.

The ANGEL
DEATH
WALKED OUT OF THE MORGUE TO LEAVE A TRAIL OF
TERROR!
THE ANGEL
SEES THE GRIM SHADOW AND STRIKES
THE DEATH THAT WALKED
INTO ITS OWN LAIR AND FINDS ITS HUMBLED SECRET
WHAT IS IT?
SCHROTTER

MAXIE MUGGS
MAXIE MUGGS?
HANDS HIGH MAXIE!
NOT W-HOUT A FIGHT, COPPERS!
OH-H! OHHH!
WE GOT HIM!
BANG!
LATER THAT NIGHT
THE ANGEL!

Morning Star
AXIE MUGGS DISAPPEARS
PORTER STRANGLED
ALIVE!
IN THE HOTEL..
SUDDENLY—
LADY MARGIE OR ANYONE?

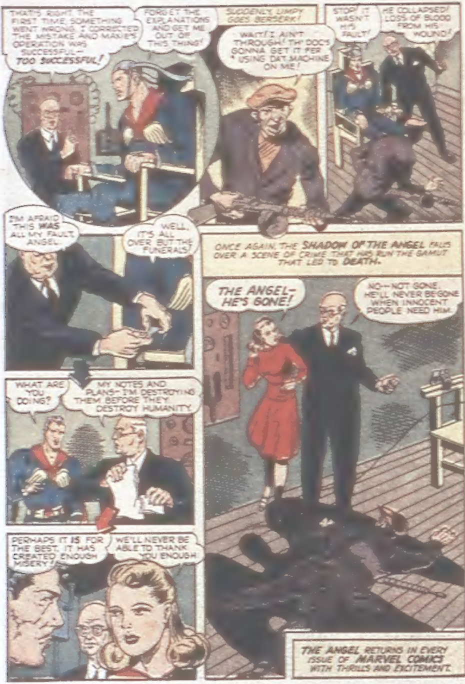
BANG BANG BANG
THE ANGEL STRIKES

YIIEEE!
OHH!

GREAT GUNS! A GUN—WITHOUT A BODY—AND NOTHING ALIVE!

YOU MURDERER!
BUT...
YEAH- ME!

A GUNSHOT BARKS OUT—
YA AIN'T POISONIN' DA BOSS TODAY, SQUIRT!
BANG!
OW-W!
LIMPY WHEELS AROUND, PRESSES THE TRIGGER, AND DEATH TAKES ITS TOLL.
DRINK IT, BOYS! DRINK IT!
YAAA!
EEEE!
AGHRR!
OW-W
WHY, THE LITTLE PUNK
NOW FER YOUR DEATH DOSE, MAX!
YAHHHH!
THE PAIN— OWWW! SHOOT ME IN THE HEAD! I CAN'T DIE— AIEEE! I CAN'T DIE!
BUT WHAT SUSTAINS LIFE, ALSO DESTROYS IT! MAXIE MUGGS FALLS BACK AGAINST THE ELECTRICAL APPARATUS.
AAGH!
HA! SO IT GOTCHA, MAXIE— JUST LIKE IT GOT ME!
YEAH, ANGEL. MAX DIDN'T WANT TO BE DE FIRST HUMAN TO BE TRIED OUT ON DA DOC'S MACHINE. SO, HE FORCED ME TO. IT CRIPPLED ME— TORE MY FACE APART.
OH! SO YOU KNEW ABOUT THIS. NO WONDER YOU WERE AFRAID OF MAX!


THAT'S RIGHT. THE FIRST TIME, SOMETHING WENT WRONG. I CORRECTED THE MISTAKE AND MAXIE'S OPERATION WAS SUCCESSFUL— TOO SUCCESSFUL!
FORGET THE EXPLANATIONS AND GET ME OUT OF THIS THING!
SUDDENLY, LIMPY GOES BERSERK!
WAIT! I AIN'T THROUGH! TH' DOC'S GONNA GET IT FER USING DAT MACHINE ON ME!
STOP! IT WASN'T HIS FAULT!
HE COLLAPSED! LOSS OF BLOOD FROM HIS WOUND!
I'M AFRAID THIS WAS ALL MY FAULT, ANGEL.
WELL, IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE FUNERALS!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
MY NOTES AND PLANS— I'M DESTROYING THEM BEFORE THEY DESTROY HUMANITY.
PERHAPS IT IS FOR THE BEST. IT HAS CREATED ENOUGH MISERY!
WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH!
ONCE AGAIN, THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS OVER A SCENE OF CRIME THAT HAS RUN THE GAMUT THAT LED TO DEATH.
THE ANGEL— HE'S GONE!
NO— NOT GONE. HE'LL NEVER BE GONE WHEN INNOCENT PEOPLE NEED HIM.
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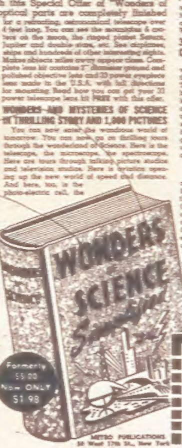

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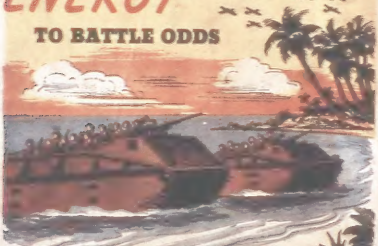

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